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LIVE STOCK.

GALAMITY CAMPBELL. What Members of the Democratic Party Mayo Recently Said of Him.

Belting the Ticket. Judge Alfred Yaple, of Cincinnati, has always been a Democrat, a life-long Democrat and leader, so he cannot consistently support James E. Campbell. On July 15 he published the following card to that effect in the Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Under no circumstances," says he, "will I vote for a single man put upon

"will I vote for a single man put upon the state ticket by the Cleveland con-vention. I am not the chattel property of those who packed it. I shall not be hitched to the coupling-pole at the rear end of the Campbell dandy-wag on and trot along under the tar bucket.

"They have deliberately organized another defeat," continues the judge, "as I have known to be done time and again when the party in this state had every chance of success. The truth is I have realized for some years that enough of those who have managed our conventions, put up its candidates and fixed its unhappy destinies are purchasable, and when that is the case no good can be ac-complished for the people by the party.

"The action I suggest for the party in this county and city (endorsing the Peffer candidate) will give McKinley 20,000 plurality in Hamilton county over Campbell, who defeated the party in the state and this county last fall, losing us a congressman in the First district, and leading to a legislative apportionment by Republican officials that will give their party the majority in the senate for ten years to come. Campbell began the Hamilton county fight without legal right or excuse. After appointing the board of public improvements for Cincinnati under a law suggested and approved by him (not giving him the power of removal,) and passed at his in-stance, all his powers and duties concerning the matter ceased.

"He as governor became functus officio. Yet, when it was found that Louis Reemelin, president of that board, a man of known sterling integrity, was opposed to monopolies and could not be used as the tool of the gas and Consolidated Street Railway companies, the latter employed certain politicians of the city of Hamilton, of the Schwab-Camp-

bell faction, to give us "home rule."

"They "roosted" in this city until
Campbell's flasco in ignoring the probate
court having sole jurisdiction of the
subject under Campbell's own law; until his act of monumental folly in calling an extraordinary session of the legislature were accomplished results. The legislature at this extraordinary session by the combination of the Republicans with some Democrats, passed an unconstitutional statute turning out the lawful board by force, and leading to the dismissal from employment of some 1,500 Democrats, who were thereby illegally deprived of earning bread for their wives and children. Campbell's nomination has assured the success of McKinley, and the next legislature will be largely Republican, giving that party a United States senator, unless Democrats are wise enough to join hands with the People's party, as I suggest."

> A Skunk Aboard the Ship. [Cincinnati Southwest.]

After the nomination of the acephhalous ticket, the machine appointed a committee to fetch Larry Neal to the convention hall, in view of having him again strangle his conscience and humiliate his sense of Democratic truth and right by saying he would once more indorse the candidacy of Mr. Campbell, and lend efforts toward his re-election. The committee did not report, nor did Mr. Neal lend endorsement to the nomination by his presence before the convention. He was apprised of the errand of the committee, however, and declared with emphasis that he could not and would not again attempt rectifying a mistake and curing an evil by the commission of an additional wrong. In reply to the question put to him, direct, as to whether he would again labor for and vote for the election of Mr. Campbell, Mr. Neal said:

I will not take the stump nor use any personal efforts in the campaign in behalf of Mr. Campbell's election. As to whether I will vote the ticket or not, I presume I will do as did my old friend, fellow-townsman, and fellow-Democrat, Governor Bill Allen, upon a certain similar occasion, some thirty years ago. By methods which bluff old William in nowise approved, the Democrats of our district managed to place in nomination as candidate for congress a man who was peculiarly, personally and politically objectionable to Mr. Allen. He himself with his accustomed vigor as to the unfitness of the man for the office to which he had been nominated, and somewhat profanely characterized the pro-ceedings by which the nomination was secured. When election day came a goodly number stood about the polls, desirous of number stood about the polls, desirous of being able to say that they had seen "Old Bill Allen scratch the Democratic ticket." Finally William walked up to the polls, selected a straight Democratic ticket, and guessing the interest actuating those so closely watching his every act, said: "Gentlemen, here is the straight Democratic ticket. I shall vote it without a scratch, as I have always done before. I was born a Democrat, I have lived a Democrat, and I expect to die a Democrat. This (putting the ticket into the ballotbox at the window) is nasty medicine; but I'll be dammed if I am going to desert the Democratic ship just because its got a skunk aboard of it." And as the circumstances are analogous, I presume I will feel constrained on the 3d of next November to emulate the heroic example of my old fellow-townsman.

Mr. Follett Presents Mr. Neal.

Hon. John F. Follett, ex-congressman from Cincinnati, was both eloquent and truthful in his remarks at the Cleveland convention. In placing Hon, L. T. Neal in nomination for governor he observed: I am here today, a Democrat from Hamilton county. I belong to that class of people that has been spoken of (by Mr. Campbell) as "stink-pots," "thieves," "bums," "the gang," etc. I am here to say to you, Democrats of Ohio, that purer Democratic blood flows nowhere in the state than in the veins of the Democracy of Hamilton county. My cheeks have blushed that in a Democratic convention an allusion to Hamilton county was received with cat calls and jeers such as to indicate that

you can get along without Hamilton county and the Hamilton county Democracy. The Democracy of the state of Ohio since the war has never but once succeeded without the aid of the Hamilton county Democracy, and that was in 1867 the campaign we had up the question of amending the constitution and placing in it the doctrine of negro suffrage. From that day to this the Hamilton county vots has indicated whether you succeeded, either upon your state ticket or in your legislature. I am one of the Democrats that have grown old in the service, and yet it has been said (by Mr. Campbell) that I and my compeers did not retire early enough for the good of the Democratic party. I am not here to be read out of the Democratic party by one (James E. Campbell) who, when I was fighting the battles of the party with my compeers declared his right arm should wither before he deposited a Democratic ballot. Now, gentleposited a Democratic ballot. Now, gentle-men, of the convention, I am here today to present to you a name that I have known many years—the name of a gentleman who sat side by side with me in the legis-lature, the first elected by the Democracy of Ohio after the war, who voted with me to make that "noblest Roman of them all," Allen G. Thurman, senator of the United

Care Nothing for Principle. The Cleveland Plain Dealer, an intens Campbell organ, republishes an article on the Ohio Democratic convention from the Chicago Herald, "sterling Demo-crat" as the P. D. calls it, in which occurs the following weighty observation:

Those whose enmity the governor has in-curred, says The Herald, claim to be able to control 10,000 votes. But as they are men who care nothing for principle, and value party chiefly as a means to the at-talnment of private ends it is likely, as it is to be hoped, that they greatly over-estimated their power.

"Care nothing for principle?" Does this remark apply to Richard M. Bishop, John H. Thomas, John F. Follett, Lawrence T. Neal, Virgil P. Kline, M. E. Ingalls, Judge Blandin, Tom Johnson, Henry Bohl, Milo G. Dodds, John Webb, of Youngstown; Anthony Howells, Arch McGregor, William Bell, William Larwill, of Wooster; John G. Warwick, L. Schloenback, of Kenton; Lecky Harper, Jeese M. Lewis, Leslie McPherson, Simeon Donavin, John F. Seward, of Mansfield; Howard Douglass, Judge Alfred Yapie, John S. Lee dom, George F. Kratz, of Akron; Michal Hagerty, of Washington C. H.; Judge Samuel F. Steele and Charles H. Collins, of Hillsboro; or hundreds of others of the best Democrats in Ohio?

"If You See it in the Sun-It's So." [New York Sun, Dem.] This prophecy is attributed to Governor Campbell of Ohio:

After the canvass is two weeks old you will hear almost nothing outside of the

Governor Campbell is speaking of the canvass in Ohio, where he is a candidate for re-election. If he is correct in his prognostication, and that is his program,

another prophecy is in order. After the canvass is eighteen weeks old you will hear almost nothing of Governor Campbell.

Mr. Neal Declines to Ratify. The following is the way Hon. T. L. Neal received the news of Campbell's renomination, according to the dispatches to the American Press Association:

"The committee appointed to wait upon Neal met him at his quarters and announced to him the desire of the convention. Neal promptly and emphatically replied that he not only would not tell where he stood as a Democrat, but he would not appear before the convention. That ended the attempt to whip Neal into line."

Judge Blandin, of Cleveland, during a recent talk with an Enquirer correspondent, declared that none but a good Democrat should be nominated, and, speaking of Governor Campbell, re-

"I don't know what he is." Closing, he said: "Nominate Campbell, and-"

"McKinley will have 40,000 majority."

And Campbell Repudiates it All. Upon the money question the platform unequivocally demands the free coinage of gold and silver. This is traditional Democracy and is sound to the core .- Toledo

Very strange if it is traditional Democracy, that almost half of the committee on resolutions and 300 out of 700 delegates in the convention didn't know it.—Columbus Press, Dem.

Governor Campbell is willing to "chance free silver" as a vote catcher, though he does not believe in it as a sound financial policy. The Buckeye governor will find that the people have little use for a man without convictions, or for one who is willing to chance any and everything that will give him votes.-Chicago Tribune.

A friendly biography of Governor Campbell says that in congress he was active in the cause of the laboring classes. Well, there is some truth in that. He voted with Major McKinley against the Morrison bill, and he voted eighteen times with Major McKinley on amendments to the Mills bill. Campbell at one time came near being a stout protectionist, but the exegencies of his personal situation required him to flop-and he flopped.-Massillon Inde-

The Republican party stands now, as ever, for creative policies. The tariff act is bringing new industries into existence; the reciprocity treaties are enlarging the foreign markets for American exports; the ocean mail act is promoting the restoration of the commercial marine; and every industrial iuterest in the land is feeling the invigorating impulses of creative legislation. -New York Tribune.

A biographer of Governor Campbell says that in congress he was active in the cause of the laboring man. So he was, He voted with McKinley against both the Morrison and Mills tariff bills. He was a protectionist then.-Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Mr. Watterson should write to Mr. Cleveland asking why he won't go to



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Consumption Surely Cured. To THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-maned disease. By its timely use thousands of hepeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad cases have been permanently cared. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to my of your readers who have consumption if they will cend me their Express and P. O. address. Respect fully. T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St. N. Y.

## Special.

It is with pleasure that we announce to our many patrons that we have (again) made arrangements with that widewake, illustrated farm magazine, the American Farmer, published at Ft. Wayne, Ind., and read by nearly 200,-000 farmers, by which that great publication will be mailed direct, FREE, to to the address of any of our subscribers who will come in and pay up all arrearages on subscription and one year in advance from date, and to any new subscriber who will pay one year in advance. This is a grand opportunity to btain a first-class farm journal free. The American Farmer is a large 16-page journal, of national circulation, which ranks among the leading agricultural papers. It treats the question of economy in agriculture and the rights and privileges of that vast body of citizens-American Farmers-whose industry is prosperity. Its highest purpose is the elevation and ennobling of Agriculture brough the higher and broader educaion of men and women engaged in its pursuit. The regular subscription price of the American Farmer is \$1.00 per year. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING. From any one number ideas can be obtained that will be worth thrice the subscription price to you or members of the house-hold, YET YOU GET IT PREE. Call and see A LOST TREATY.

The Unpleasant Experience of an Emissary to Hawaii.

He Could Not Eat Roast Dog and Live Fish Consequently Falle I to Accomplish His Mission.

During a recent conversation a wellknown New Yorker related a story which explains why France was not able to carry out a desired negotiation with the late King Kalakaua, says the Chicago Post:

"There is nothing especially startling in the Hawaiian islands," he began, "but I will relate a bit of history and give you a government secret. A year ago now the French government sent Paul Leroq, a young Parisian in the diplomatic service, to make a certain negotiation with King Kalakaua. The young fellow was bright, entertaining and made a good impression in the foreign land. He had general preliminary talks with the king which were quite satisfactory, and the business was to be definitely settled at a dinner given by the king. M. Leroq asked me to be present at the dinner. The king invited young Cumkua, one of his nephews. It was the oddest banquet that I ever heard of. You know that the late king was the prince of enter-tainers and he spared no expense in royally taking care of his friends. After several courses the king said we were to be treated to the choicest dish in the world, called 'poi.' The servants brought in a huge tray, upon which was a fat, smoking dog. The young Frenchman started to jump up from the table, but I held him down, saying in French that he must put up with anything in order to carry out his plans.

"'Cheer up,' I said, as the fat dog was being carved. "'I'll eat it if I die,' he said, as he be-

gan to make his word good.
"This poi, as it is called, is the greatest dish in the Sandwich islands. A young dog is fattened for three months upon a sort of native potato called poi. Then he is ready for the chef. If it were served like roast beef it would be excellent, but the novelty is always brought on like a beef at a barbecuehead, ears, and all but the bark. The meat itself did not taste bad, but it was enough to make a Siwash sick to see the cur's head. Paul Leroq ate a few mouthfuls, then complimented the dish with the suavity characteristic of his

"'I am a dead man,' he would whisper to me in his native language. "'But you will win out,' I replied as

struggled manfully.
"We were tortured for a few moments, then the poi was taken away. "'Now,' said the king, 'look out for a

surprise. "Poor Leroq's face was a study. He did not dare to ask what was the next sporting event, and I felt as if I were

going through a surgical operation. "'Do you love miamos?' asked his royal highness.
"Leroq did not speak for a moment and I pinched him.

"'Do I love miamos?' he asked, half dazed; 'why, I love that better than anything.'

"'Yes, indeed,' I put in. 'M. Leroq was telling me this morning that no grand dinner was complete without miamos.

"All the while we were guessing. Presently the bells clanged and the servants brought in an immense bowl filled with little gold fish. They were some kind of a native minnow such as e use for bait when fishing. I supposed this was but an ornament and nearly fell out of my shoes when the king began to serve them in deep plates half filled with water. Putting his hands in his plate he took out a few of the little fish, pinched them to death, and ate them with the grace of a swan. "'This is too much,' muttered my friend.

"'Eat them if they have fishhooks in their gills,' I said. 'Think of your business which will come up after the din-

"'Not much,' he replied. 'I'd not eat them if I could be made president of France by so doing.'

"Just then the king said something about the friendly relations between the Hawaiian government and France. This so upset Leroq that he grabbed a handful of fish and swallowed them alive. In a few moments he was pale and deathly sick.

" 'Pardon me,' he said to the king. but I have one of my old attacks of chills and fever, I will retire.' Then he turned to me and said in French: 'The Hawaiian islands can go to the dogs. If I must be a cannibal to carry out a mission for my government I will resign.'

"I left the room to care for him and was horrified to hear the young nephew tell the king every word that Leroq had spoken in French. That was the last straw. Leroq fainted away when I told him that the nephew was a French scholar, and that treaty with France has never been ratified. Leroq never came back."

Fun at a Camp Meeting. The solemnity of a Maine camp meeting came near being broken up by a festive mosquito the other day. A devout attendant became convinced that he had been singled out by a particularly persistent and vicious insect. As he bowed his head in the attitude of prayer the little piping poison bottle perched on his neck, and a sense of proper decorum was all that restrained a blow. The insect was gently dislodged with the left hand, but immediately took refuge on the right ear of the basis of all material and national the sorely tempted worshiper. Upwent the right hand, and the bug took his departure, to reappear on the other ear. It was no use, the restraint of a lifetime was thrown off, and with a mighty thrust out went the right hand and snatched at the little offender, when, to the consternation of two people and the irrepressible amusement of a score or less devout worshipers, the gentleman found in his band the feather of a lady's hat and the lady felt her hat violently wrenched from her bowed

SAILING IN A CRATER.

The Remarkable Adventure of a Woman in Central Africa. One of the most remarkable incidents

of Mrs. French Sheldon's journey to Kilimanjaro was, a London correspondent learns from a letter received from her, the circumnavigation of Lakes Chala, the small sheet of water which fills the crater of a volcano a short distance to the cast of the base of Kimowenzi. The beautiful lake was the first discovered by one of the carliest mis-sionary explorers of this region (New) who descended to the edge of the water -a feat that Thompson some years afterwards seems to have thought im-

possible.
The natives have, however, always held that there was a way down the al-most perpendicular sides of the erater, and only three or four years ago another missionary explorer succeeded to makeing the descent. Mrs. Sheldon was not, however, content merely to touch the waters of this mysterious lake. A party of Russian sportsmen had left behind them at Kilimanjaro a sort of pontoon boat in sections, which had eventually come into the possession of Mr. Keith Austruther, a young Scotchman, who was at Taveta when Mrs. Sheldon arrived there.

Mr. Anstruther suggested the during project of launching this boat on the waters of Lake Chala, and Mrs. Sheldon at once offered to join him in the attempt. There was a difficulty in obtaining porters, for local superstition is busy with the crater lake, which was oncethe story runs—the site of great Masai village that was utterly destroyed when the eruption took place, which resulted in the formation of the present lake. This difficulty was, however, at length overcome, and after great danger and fatigue the edge of the lake was reached and the boat was found to be but slightly injured by its rough journey.

## A SUBTERRANEAN CITY.

Remarkable Discovery Lately Made in . District of Russia.

In the right bank of the river Amoo-Daria, near the town of Karki, in Bokhara, grottos have been found among the hills leading to a subterranean city, the evidence of which dates back into antiquity. Silver coins and inscrip-tions of the time of Gapora I. (the first Persian king of the Gassanidean dynasty, who lived about 200 years R. C.,) were found in the place. The subterranean town, says the Chicago Journal, stretches over a distance of more than three versts (about a half mile) with streets, lanes, squares and hanging fountains. In some places the ground on the top has caved in, but the largest part of the city can be passed through without the least difficulty. By the light of the miners' lamp, the place presents a quaint, fantastic appearance. There are houses in perfect. construction, one or two stories high, with a pretense of architectural elegance, and filled with furniture and various domestic utensils. The ceiling or upper covering of the streets is constructed of blocks of alabaster granites. The natives of Bokhara knew of the place long ago and carried away many silver and gold coins, ornaments and utensils of great intrinsic value and of still greater archæological importance. The Russian authorities of Bokhara have made arrangements to take care of the antiquities of the place, and sent. notice of its discovery to the Archeological society at Moscow. The society has sent a commission of experts to make explorations during the summer.

AN ANCIENT WRECK.

Discovery of a Sunken Ship of the Time of Henry the Eighth.

A most interesting discovery has, according to the Interior, been made at the old Cinque Port of Sandwich. The Stour, a river which has, perhaps, more frequently changed its course than any other English river, has lately entered an old channel near its confluence with Pegwell bay, laying bare a wreck which has probably occupied its present position for several centuries. The vessel is one of foreign build, and the wood is in a fair state of preservation, owing to the fact that it has for many years been entirely embedded in the sand. On inspection it would appear that, from time to time, various attempts had been made to cut down the wreck, but the hull of the vessel is as yet pretty nearly intact. It is a matter of local history that a little over three hundred years ago, in the reign of Henry VIII., an Italian vessel, belonging to one of the popes, sank at the entrance of the then flourishing port of Sandwich. The sand silted round it, forming a great bank, and blocking up the entrance to the haven, and it is recorded that, from this date, the prosperity of Sandwich as a scaport greatly declined. It is believed, with some show of reason, that the ancient wreck now discovered is identicl with the papal Caryke, or Carriek, which sank at this spot in the reign of Henry VIII.

Misled by Shakespearc. The late Maj. Barttelot, who was

killed in Africa, was educated at Rugby, where he is still remembered as the hero of a funny schoolboy blunder. "What is the meaning of the word adage?" " was the question which was being asked by the master. Various shots were made of the usual wild description, when it came to young Barttelot, who, without hesitation, replied: "A place to put cats into." Everyone laughed, and the master, who was as much mystified as the rest. called him up at the end of the lesson and asked him what had put such are idea into his head. "Well, sir," suid Barttelot, looking very much injured, "doesn't it say in Shakespeare: 'Like the poor cat in the adage?"

Fatal Laughter.

An Alabama girl actually laughed herself to death. After the laughing, which was provoked by a funny happening to her brother, had lasted for some time, the parents advised her to stop, but she couldn't. They there threw cold water on her, but as this had no effect they sent for a physician. He arrived to find the girl unconscious. and in a few minutes she died from exhaustion.

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